# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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From the Lady's Book, for March.

### Beauty and the Waves.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON, OF LONDON.

Beauty sat tracing with sportive finger,
Names on the ocean's sand one day;
Watching how long each wave should linger,
Ere it had washed the print away.

First, Hope's she chose—the wave just kiss'd it,
Then [illegible] ocean's breast again,
As half grateful to have miss'd it,
And with the maid let hope remain.

Next, [illegible]'s name, so fond yet fleeting,
The maiden on the sand [illegible];
The wave flow'd on—but soon retreating,
No trace of Friendship left behind.

Love's then appear'd, 'twas deeply graven
On that frail page, by Beauty's hand;
The wave return'd; ah! silly maiden,
Love's name was [illegible] writ on sand.

When one by one, each name had perish'd,
Beauty grew weary of her play;
Finding that all most priz'd and cherish'd,
Some passing wave will sweep away!

From the Philadelphia Casket, for March.

### Where is the Spirit-Land?

[illegible]

"All is lost here of our beloved and blessed."

[illegible]

"Where is the Spirit-Land? 'Neath the blue Ocean,
Where glory, and wealth, and magnificence lie?
And the voices that echo against its commotion,
Are they yours, viewless speaking ones, wandering by?"
I asked of the billows—"for you," I repeated,
"Have loosened full many a form that was fair!"
But they murmured, as slowly the dark waves retreated,
"We know not! we know not!"—my [illegible] my prayer.

[illegible]

[From the Philadelphia Casket.

### LEAVES FROM A LAWYER'S PORT FOLIO.

NUMBER THREE.

"Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er ye are
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness defend ye
From seasons such as this? Oh! I have ta'en
Too little care of such!"

*King Lear.*

## THE POOR DEBTOR.

It was a cold, wet, tempestuous night, and the wind swept wildly along the deserted streets, driving the sleety rain into the face of the wayfarer, when I found myself returning to my hotel in Boston, late in the evening, from an unavoidable business engagement. As the distance was not great, I had set out on foot; and in order to be [illegible], had struck into one of those narrow cross streets, which are so common in the North end of that truly English town. Just as I turned a corner, a figure emerged from the shelter of an old, time-decayed mansion, and extending a wan arm, in a faint, girlish voice, now tremulous with cold, said piteously,

"Please, sir, please—if it 's only a penny."

I started; for there was something touchingly sad in the low, plaintive tone of the speaker. She was a delicate, sickly looking child, apparently about eleven years of age, and wrapped in an old and tattered garment, which once had been a cloak, but which now was scarcely fit to clothe the meanest felon alive. It was with difficulty that she could keep the rags together with [illegible]

[illegible]

... now, under these fictitious names, unless, perhaps, the survivors of that hour, will be able to identify the mourners who gathered around the bedside of that dying boy? D.

### When You and I were Boys.

My memory often carries me back
To the scenes of my childhood's home,
When we used to follow the fox's track,
And through the woodland roam.
Past hopes revive, past pleasures live,
Past bliss my mind employs,
When I think of the spot where fell our lot,
When you and I were boys.

The little place at the foot of the hill,
The place which gave us birth,
Oh, does it retain its beauties still,
That dearest spot on earth?
Are the flowers as fair, in the arbor there,
Where we always kept our toys,
Are the warblers [illegible] as they were in the days,
When you and I were boys?

Do the chesnuts still on the hill-top grow,
Does the brook go dashing along,
Does the robin ascend the walnut now,
To chant his morning song?
Is the grove still there, and the thicket, where
We placed our rabbit decoys,
Just down in the dell that we loved so well,
When you and I were boys?

Do they keep the school in the old house yet
On the common across the way,
Where we a troop of villagers met,
Less anxious for study than play?
Is heard the roar of the mill dam's pour,
And the grist mill clattering noise,
Where we used to ride by our father's side,
When you and I were boys?

Does the church still stand away in the dell
Where the huntsman winds his horn,
Do the villagers hear that same old bell
On every Sabbath morn?
Oh say do they all remain unchanged
Those scenes of so many joys,
Are they still there the same as they were
When you and I were boys?

MILLER.

From the Lady's Book.

## TIRED OF HOUSEKEEPING.

BY T. S. ARTHUR, EDITOR OF THE "BALTIMORE ATHENÆUM."

"What is the matter now, my dear?" said Mr. Thompson to his wife, as he came in at the usual dinner hour. Mrs. Thompson was seated on the [illegible]

[illegible]